MARVEL

018

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# STAR WARS™
# DOCTOR APHRA

# REMASTERED

## Part V

*It is a time of instability in the galaxy as the Rebel Alliance continues their fight for freedom from the Galactic Empire. In other words, it's the perfect time to pull something off right under their noses.*

*Rogue archaeologist and scoundrel Doctor Aphra has been blackmailed by psychotic droid Triple-Zero to retrieve his lost memory files. They happen to be stored in one of the Empire's most secure bases.*

*Fortunately, Aphra has a way in. She and her crew have kidnapped a Rebel general, one Hera Syndulla....*


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IT'S NOTHING TO *WORRY ABOUT*-- REALLY.

JUST A LITTLE *DING* BACK ON SKAKO--SCRAMBLED A COUPLE OF SERVOS. DON'T WANT TO BE A *NUISANCE*

CAYSIN, IT'S NO *PROBLEM*-- REALLY. PIECE OF CAKE.

IT'S THE *LEAST* APHRA CAN DO. SHE *LIED* AND *CHEATED* AND MADE US *COMPLICIT* IN HER VILE SCH--

*DO* GIVE IT A *REST*, TAM DARLING. SHE'S *TRYING* TO BE NICE.

WHAT'S SHE DOING *NOW?* WHAT'S *THAT* THING?

IT'S JUST A-- *DIAGNOSTIC* DEVICE. I'M RUNNING *TESTS*.

Y'KNOW-- THIS IS SOME PRETTY *NEAT* CYBERNETIC WORK. WHO *DID* THIS?

HMPH. OF COURSE *YOU'D* ADMIRE THE HANDIWORK OF THE MONSTER WE'VE SWORN TO DESTROY. HE'S A *SADIST*, A *KILLER*, A *TWISTER OF FLESH*...

...THE MOST *EVIL BEING* IN THE *GALAXY*.

BLEEP

HUH. I, UH...

...I THINK I'VE MET A FEW OF THOSE *MYSELF*.

BLEEP

*YES, BEETEE, THAT IS UNCHARACTERISTICALLY COMPLIMENTARY OF HER.*

*I CAN ONLY ASSUME SHE'S BUTTERING US UP--PRESUMABLY KNOWING HOW VEXED I WOULD BE TO FIND HER BLATANTLY REPROGRAMMING REXA GO'S COMPUTER RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY* ≠FZZZKKKK≠

NOT NOW...

ZZP

WHAT WAS THAT?

NOTHING. DUMB *SPACER-CHAT* ON THE *COMM*. BUT HEY--TELL ME ABOUT THIS *EVIL CYBORGIST* OF YOURS. WHO *IS* HE?

DOCTOR CORNELIUS EVAZAN.

HE HAS THE *DEATH SENTENCE* IN THIRTEEN SYSTEMS.

A SELF-DECLARED *TECHFLESH ARTIST*. A PEDDLER OF *KIDNAP* AND *EXPERIMENTATION*. THEY SAY HE NEVER *STOPS* UNTIL VICTIMS *BEG HIM* FOR DEATH.

JUST SO HE CAN SAY *"NO."*

I TRACKED HIM TO *JEDHA*. THE BRASS SAID I HAD NO *SANCTION*-- TOOK MY *BADGE*. BUT BY *THEN* I WAS ALREADY...AH...

PSYCHOTIC?

OBSESSIVE?

OVERDRAMATIC?

*ATTACHED.*

ON JEDHA WE FOUND *EACH OTHER*. EVEN IN THE MIDST OF EVIL, THERE IS GOOD.

EVAZAN BUILT A HOST OF MUTILATED CYBERSLAVES. THE FIRST OF THE *DECRANIATED*.

OH! *OH!* I SAW THOSE IN A *CATALOG!* THEY'RE *AWESOME!* UH...NO OFFENSE.

NONE TAKEN. I WAS JUST THE *PROTOTYPE*.

WE MISSED HIM BY *SECONDS*. WE HAD TO *EVAC* WHEN THE IMPERIALS USED SOME HELLISH NEW *DEVICE* TO DESTROY THE CITY...

YEAH, WELL...YOU KNOW THE *IMPS*...

Hivebase-1. Classified Tarkin Initiative Facility. Imperial R&D.

...THEY SURE LOVE THEIR *WEIRD WEAPONS.*

UNIDENTIFIED CRAFT, THIS IS **HIVE COMMAND**--WE **AGREE** TO YOUR PROPOSED **TRADE**. YOU ARE CLEARED FOR **APPROACH**.

WE'RE SENDING AN **EVASION VECTOR**. FOLLOW THESE MANEUVERS **PRECISELY** AND AWAIT A **TRACTOR LOCK** WHEN YOU CLEAR THE SCARAPHYTE SWARM.

**ONE WRONG MOVE** AND YOU WILL PERISH IN AN AGONIZING PLUME OF **CORROSIVE GASTRIC DECOMPRESSION.**

STORY OF MY LIFE.

ANYWAY, THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE. THE *PAYDAY* FROM *THIS* JOB'S ENOUGH TO *LIGHT UP* THE UNDERWORLD FOR *INTEL* ON *EVAZAN*.

AND WHEN YOU'VE *GOT* THIS GUY? WHAT *THEN?*

WHAT DO YOU *THINK*, YOU APPALLING MALEFACTOR?

WE'LL BE AT *PEACE*. WE'LL BE *TOGETHER*.

WE GET THE *HAPPY ENDING* WE'VE EARNED.

...

*LISTEN* TO ME--ALL OF YOU. THERE'S NO HAPPY ENDING HERE. NOT SO LONG AS YOU WORK FOR THAT--THAT *WOMAN*.

LOOK, YOU DON'T SEEM LIKE *BAD* PEOPLE. YOU HAVE TO *KNOW* THE *REBEL ALLIANCE* WON'T *TOLERATE* MY KIDNAP. LET ME GO AND I'LL *VOUCH* FOR YOU WHEN THEY *CATCH UP*.

YOU MEAN BECAUSE OF THE *TRACKER* IN YOUR *RANK PATCH--RIGHT*, GENERAL SYNDULLA?

I... I...

TELL YOU WHAT, I'LL *UN-JAM* THE SIGNAL. I BET YOUR GUYS HAVE BEEN *WORRIED SICK*.

UH--WE GOT A SHIP INBOUND, SURE ENOUGH.

WHO *ARE* YOU, YOU DREADFUL WOMAN?

...HEH.

JUST ANOTHER *BAD DOCTOR*.

VWOOORP!

HA! WE HAVE THEM!

I KNEW THE GENERAL WOULD FIND A WAY TO ACTIVATE HER TRACKER! COMMENCE ATTACK ON THE KIDNAPPERS' VESS--

UHM-- SIR...?

SHIELDS! RAISE SHIELDS! THOSE THINGS'LL CORRODE RIGHT THROUGH THE H

ENEMY'S SCRAMBLING TIE FIGHTERS! SEAL THE HANGARS! MAN THE ION CANNO

T THE ROOKIES INTO THE CORE! CLOSE ALL BULKHEADS! POWER UP THE DROID CONTR

ND FOR PITY'S SAKE WILL WHOEVER THAT IS PLEASE STOP WHISTLING ON THE COMM?!

HEY--DOC? DON'T YOU WANT TO BRING ONE OF YOUR *EXPLODING TOOKAS?*

NAH. THEY'RE ATTRACTED TO *ENERGY SOURCES*, REMEMBER?

PSSSHT

DUMB THINGS'D JUST MAKE A MESS.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR *HOSTAGE?*

MEH. LEAVE HER, BRING HER--*WHATEVER*. SHE'S DONE HER BIT.

YOU MEAN... YOU MEAN YOU'RE *NOT* HANDING ME *OVER?*

WHAT'RE YOU, STUPID? EVERYONE KNOWS THE IMPERIALS *DON'T DO DEALS*. WE JUST NEEDED AN EXCUSE TO GET *ABOARD*.

AND A NICE BIG *SPACE BATTLE DISTRACTION* OUT *THERE* SO WE CAN-- Y'KNOW--

WHOA.

--SNOOP AROUND.

DREAD OHHH THE **DREAD** THEY ARE COLD DEATH I SEE AN ELECTRIC **COFFIN** HOLD ME I AM **AFEARED**--

P-PERHAPS I OUGHT TO GIVE THE HOSTAGE A--

DO **NOT** GIVE HER A GUN, SISTER SIX.

WHAT **ARE** ALL THESE THINGS?

THIS IS THE HEART OF THE **TARKIN INITIATIVE**. EVERY **MURDEROUS IDEA** THE IMPERIALS EVER **HAD** COMES THROUGH **HERE**.

OH MY GOSH OH MY GOSH **LOOK** IT'S A WOOKIEE WITH A RAILGUN FOR A HEAD THAT IS EX-QUIS-ITE *OHHHH*.

YOU GUYS **DO** KNOW THIS IS GONNA GET **DEFROSTED**, RIGHT? IT'S ALL GONNA COME TO **LIFE** AND KILL US, LITERALLY **ANY** SECOND.

THE **HIVEBASE** IS MORE **ARCHIVE** THAN **FACTORY**. THESE ARE **REJECTS**. TOO EXPENSIVE TO **MASS PRODUCE**, TOO **SUCCESSFUL** TO **PURGE**.

--THAT'S A **NANOSLIME CATAPULT** AND THOSE ARE **HUTT CLONE TROOPERS** AND **OHHHH** I THINK THAT'S A **RATHTAR** MELDED WITH AN **INTERROGATION** DROID I AM IN LOVE...

WE'RE ALL DOOMED.

HOW CAN YOU ADMIRE THESE... *OBSCENITIES?*

*SCIENTIST.* SCI-EN-TIST. MEANS I LIKE "*HOW*" MORE THAN "*WHY.*"

AND BEFORE YOU GET ON YOUR *HIGH HOVERSLEDGE*-- NOBODY'S *STOPPING* YOU REBEL DUMMIES FROM INVENTING YOUR *OWN* TOYS.

INSTEAD IT'S ALL HARKING BACK TO SOME FAKEY *GOLDEN AGE* AND BRAINWASHING *FARMBOYS.*

THAT IS *NOT* WHAT W--

HEY, *HERE'S* AN IDEA--LET'S EAVESDROP ON WHAT *BLEEDING-EDGE INNOVATIONS* YOUR *PROGRESSIVE SOCIAL REVOLUTION'S* EMBRACING *TODAY,* SHALL WE?

--WN! I REPEAT, *SHIELDS ARE DOWN!*

--ALL OUTER DECKS *TOTALED,* BUT *CRITICAL SYSTEMS* ARE *DEEP* ENOUGH THAT THE *ACID* CAN'T PENETR--

--LL VERY WELL, BUT IF THEY START *SHOOTING* WE'RE FINISHED! WE NEED TO LAUNCH *FIGHTERS!* WHERE ARE THOSE DAMN *X-WI*--

--T WORKING! FOR HEAVEN'S *SAKE,* WHY ISN'T ANYONE *LISTENING* TO ME?

I *REPEAT*--THE CONTROL ARRAY'S *UNRESPONSIVE!* I CAN'T *LAUNCH* THE *X-WINGS!*

DID SOMEONE CHANGE THE *CONTROL CODES?*

GUYS?

*GUYS?*

COMMANDER OF HIVEBASE-1, THIS IS ***LIEUTENANT TOLVAN*** OF THE INSPECTORATE.

I HAVE TAKEN COMMAND OF THE ***REBEL ACADEMY'S CONTROL HUB.***

OOOH. PLOT TWIST.

THIS IS ***COMMANDER YEWL.*** YOUR VOICE IDENT CHECKS OUT, INSPECTOR. MY ***CONGRATULATIONS*** ON YOUR INFILTRATION.

I'VE MODELED ALL PLAUSIBLE SCENARIOS AND SETTLED UPON A STRATEGY--

YOU WILL INITIATE THE VESSEL'S ***SELF-DESTRUCT--***

WAIT, WHAT?

--AND REMAIN IN ***POSITION*** TO DEFEND THE HELM UNTIL ***DETONATION.***

TAPPITY TAP TAP

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...

YESSIR.

FOR THE EMPIRE, SIR.

NO! NO, YOU TOTAL DUMMY!

JOYSTICK?

THAT IS NOT MY REAL NAME ALSO SHUT UP ALSO WHY DID YOU CALL THE BAD GUYS, YOU UNBELIEVABLE NERFWIT?

YOU LEFT ME A COMMUNICATOR, YOU RIDICULOUS HARPY!

YES! SO WE COULD... YOU KNOW...TALK! FLIRT, ET CETERA. IN PRIVATE!

...

WHAT?!

...IT'S LONELY BEING YOU, ISN'T IT?

LOOK, SIR... MAGNA...I GET IT. TOTAL DEDICATION. CAREER COMMITMENT. SELFLESSLY IMPOSING ORDER ON CHAOS. ALL THAT STUFF.

BUT--FOR PITY'S SAKE--THIS IS MONSTROUS! IT'S MURDER!

...YOU MEAN-- THE THOUSANDS OF ROOKIES WHO'LL DIE?

NO, IDIOT! I MEAN YOU! YOU'LL DIE! AND...

I...

I SORT OF...

I THINK YOU'RE... Y'KNOW.

NICE.

COMMANDER YEWL? I'M DEACTIVATING THE LUCREHULK'S **WEAPONS** AND **ENGINES**.

THOSE WERE ***NOT*** MY ORD--

NO, SIR. BUT THE **CAPTURE** OF AN ENEMY **CAPITAL SHIP** WITH **ALL HANDS** IS A **PRIORITY OBJECTIVE**, PER ARTICLE 45-B OF THE OFFICERS' DOCTRINE.

I'M WILLING TO RECEIVE THE APPLICABLE **HONORS** IF YOU'D RATHER DECLINE.

YES!

BY THE WAY, SIR, THERE'S A UNIT OF **SABOTEURS** ABOARD YOUR BASE.

NO!

I EXPECT THEY **TRICKED** THEIR WAY ABOARD. THEY ARE ALMOST CERTAINLY INTENDING TO **STEAL** SOMETHING. I SUGGEST **MAXIMUM CAUTION**.

SHE'S RIGHT, SIR-- THAT ***MERCENARY*** SHIP SNUCK ABOARD DURING THE BATTLE. ALL OUR ***SECURITY CREW*** ARE MANNING THE GUNS, B--

DOESN'T MATTER.

"DEFROST THE REJECTS."

TOLD YA.

POSLA. I NEED YOU TO DO THAT CRAZY *EXPLODO* THING YOU DO.

NEGATIVE. THESE ARE *INNOCENT VICTIMS* OF EXPERIMENTATION. THEY'VE BROKEN NO LAW.

ARE YOU *KIDDING ME?!* YOU'VE GOT MORE FIREPOWER IN ONE PINKY THAN THE REST OF US PUT TOGETHER! WE ARE GOING TO *DIE!*

AND I WILL DO SO WITH A *CLEAN CONSCIENCE*. WILL YOU?

DEK-NIL!

M-MY BEAUTIFUL, INSANE *PROBABILITY DROID!*

POSLA, *PLEASE!*

I WILL NEVER TAKE ORDERS FROM YOU, VILLAIN.

AAAOOW!

SPARE GUN! SPARE GUN! GIVE ME THE SPARE GUN!

DO ***NOT*** GIVE HER A GUN! SHE'LL SHOOT ME THE SECOND SHE GETS A CHANCE!

POSLA-- I'M ***BEGGING*** YOU HERE. DON'T MAKE ME USE PLAN B.

THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN ***SAY***, WOMAN. I AM AN INSTRUMENT OF ***JUSTICE***, NOT ***MURDER***.

...FINE. EVERYONE BACK TO THE ***SHIP***.

ZZZK

CAYSIN? WHERE ARE Y--

ADVANCE. ADVANCE.

NNNNNNOOOOO--

THAT DEVICE. WHAT DID YOU D--

NO TIME FOR CHITCHAT-- WE'RE NEARLY AT THE CORE!

POOR *POSLA*...

SO MUCH FOR THE *HAPPY ENDING*, HUH?

YEAH...

"...I GET THAT A LOT."

THIS, UH...THIS MIGHT TAKE A WHILE...

DEFINE "WHILE."

Hivebase-1. Archive Data Core.

WELL, LET'S *SEE* NOW...

IT'S THE ACCUMULATED R&D DATA OF THE ENTIRE EMPIRE. IT'S SO DENSE IT HAS ITS OWN GRAVITY.

I'M LOOKING FOR *ONE MEMORY* IN ONE *FILE* FROM *ONE UNKNOWN ANCIENT ARCHIVE.*

SO, YEAH.

A *WHILE.*

GIVE ME A *GUN*. THE IMPS'LL BE HERE *LONG* BEFORE SHE'S FINISHED. FOR VOID'S SAKE, GIVE ME A BLASTER!

OH, *CAYSIN*. CAYSIN, MY BEAUTIFUL HEADLESS HEART...WHY DID YOU *DO* IT? WHY DID YOU *ATTACK* THE BEASTS...?

I THINK *I* COULD VENTURE A HYPOTHE--

SHUT UP.

PLAN B, HUH? "*DIAGNOSTIC* DEVICE," WASN'T IT? "JUST RUNNING TESTS."

SHUT UP AND YOU CAN HAVE A DAMN *GUN*.

WORD TO THE *WISE*, MA'AM--YOU WANNA SAVE AT LEAST *ONE* SHOT IN THERE.

REBEL GENERAL, IMPERIAL BASE. YOU *REALLY* DON'T WANNA GET TAKEN ALIVE...

AS YOU *SAY*.

ALTHOUGH I'LL BE NEEDING *TWO* SHOTS.

=SIGH= CALLED IT.

AAAOOOW!

ZZAT!

SEVEN HOURS.

SEVEN HOURS, THREE MINUTES, SIXTEEN SECONDS.

THAT'S HOW LONG WE PROJECT IT WOULD *TAKE*, BASED ON YOUR CURRENT *SEARCH PARAMETERS*, TO LOCATE A SINGLE DATA POINT.

ONLY A *FOOL* WOULD EVEN *TRY*.

YOU REALLY DIDN'T THINK THIS *THROUGH*, DID YOU?

TAKE SYNDULLA.

KILL THE REST.

# DOCTOR APHRA

# NEXT ISSUE:

A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away is a lot easier to get to than you think – and we want to hear from you! Write us at StarWars@Marvel.com if you want to make it onto a future letters page. Don't forget to mark the letter "OK TO PRINT."

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